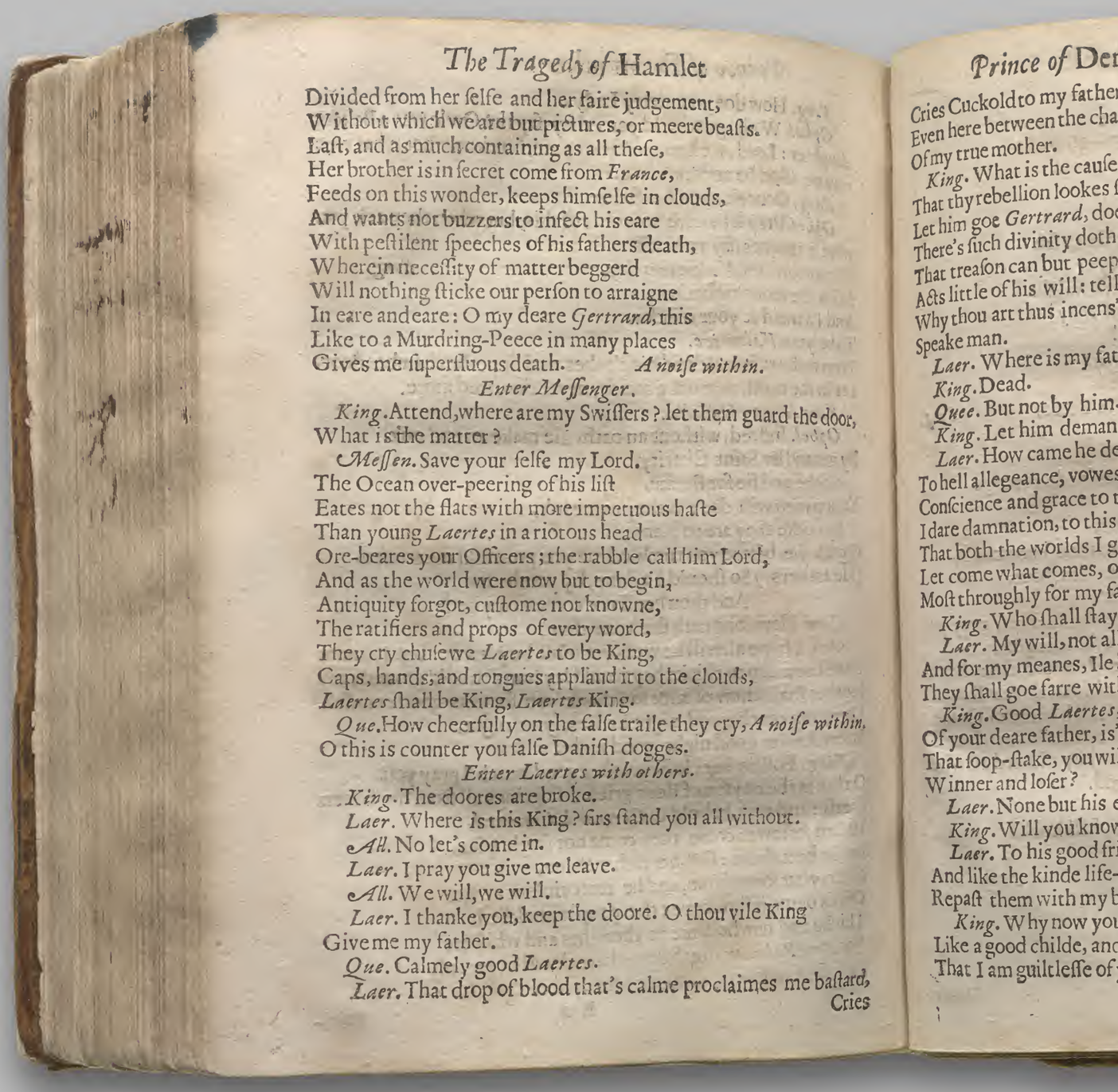

Divided from her ſelfe and her faire judgement,
Without which we are but pictures, or meere beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelfe in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſity of matter beggerd
Will nothing ſticke our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-Peece in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death. *A noiſe within.*

Enter Meſſenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swiſſers? let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Meſſen. Save your ſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean over-peering of his liſt
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haſte
Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry chuſe we *Laertes* to be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Que. How cheerfully on the falſe traile they cry, *A noiſe within.*
O this is counter you falſe Daniſh dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? ſirs ſtand you all without.

All. No let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keep the doore. O thou vile King
Give me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me baſtard,
Cries

Cries Cuckold to my father
Even here between the cha
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe
That thy rebellion lookes
Let him goe *Gertrard*, do
There's ſuch divinity doth
That treaſon can but peep
Acts little of his will: tell
Why thou art thus incens
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my fat

King. Dead.

Que. But not by him.

King. Let him deman

Laer. How came he de
To hell allegeance, vowes
Conſcience and grace to
I dare damnation, to this
That both the worlds I g
Let come what comes, o
Moſt throughly for my fa

King. Who ſhall ſtay

Laer. My will, not al
And for my meanes, Ile
They ſhall goe farre wit

King. Good *Laertes*
Of your deare father, is
That ſoop-ſtake, you wi
Winner and loſer?

Laer. None but his e

King. Will you know

Laer. To his good fr
And like the kinde life-
Repaſt them with my b

King. Why now you
Like a good childe, and
That I am guiltleſſe of